



THE
Carpet Weaver.

A favourite Song,
Sung by Madam Storace.

DONT you remember a carpet
weaver,
Whose daughter lov'd a youth so true,
He promis'd one day he never would leave
her,
Ah! down in the valley where violets grew.

C H O R U S

He flatter'd and vow'd while she sat beside
him,
Soft tales telling of love long ago,
He vow'd to her, but can you tell if she
her love deny'd him;
Ah! down in the vale where violets grow.

Never he told her he would be a rover;
She fondly thought he told her true,
But how shall the maid this discover,
Ah! will he plight his vows anew.

If never, never her voice deceived him,
Now while telling of loves long ago,
Can he forget the girl who believ'd him,
Down in the vale where voilets grow?

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